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EDGAR and EMMELINE:

A

FAIRY TALE.

[Price One Shilling.]

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A

FAIRY TALE:

IN

A DRAMATIC ENTERTAINMENT.

Of TWO ACTS;

As it is performed at

The THEATRE-ROYAL in DRURY-LANE.

LONDON,

Printed for H. PAYNE and W. CROPLEY, at Dryden's Head, in Pater-noster Row. 1761.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

EDGAR, ſon to the Earl of KENT, diſguiſed as a Woman, under the name of ELFRIDA,	Mr. OBRIEN.
FLORIMOND, a Courtier,	Mr. KING.

WOMEN.

EMMELINE, daughter to the Earl of NORTHUMBERLAND, diſguiſed as a Man, under the Name of GONDIBERT,	Mrs. YATES.
ELFINA, a Fairy,	Maſter KENNEDY.
GROTILLA, a Fairy,	Miſs ROGERS.
An attendant Fairy,	Miſs WRIGHT.
Other Fairies, Servant, &c.	

SCENE, Windſor-Caſtle, *and the Parts adjacent.*

The Muſic compoſed by Mr. ARNE, jun.

EDGAR and EMMELINE.

A

FAIRY TALE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A dark part of Windsor Forest; *the castle in prospect: one side of the horizon tinged with the rays of the setting sun; the moon rising on the other. Light music. Several fairies enter in grotesque characters, moving to the music, and at length forming a ring and dancing.*

Enter another FAIRY.

RECITATIVE.

NOW no more in dells we sleep;
Here our revels now we keep,
By the moon, our silver sun—
See, our sports are now begun!

AIR.

Welcome with thy lambent light,
Welcome, lovely queen of night!
To thy gentle reign belong,
Love, and mirth, and dance, and song.

War, and strife, and toil, and care,
Now their works of woe forbear:
Night shall now for day atone;
Give the night to joy alone!

[The fairy mixes with those that dance.

Enter ELFINA, *an old fairy.*

Elf. Hiſt---break off!---My charge receive;
Then renew the ſports ye leave.

[*They leave off dancing; the muſic ceaſes; and* Elfina *beckons firſt one, then another, ſpeaking to them ſeparately.*

When the midnight hour is nigh,
Duteous to your taſks apply.

You, the miſer's haunt be near;
Break his reſt with cauſeleſs fear,
Creak his doors, his windows ſhake,
Till his iron heart ſhall quake.

You, as gouty humours flow,
Pinch the glutton by the toe.

You, with boding dreams moleſt
Proud ambition's anxious breaſt.

You, with fancied ghoſts affright
Atheiſts in their own deſpight:
Bold by day, the bluſt'ring ſpark
Turns believer in the dark.

Hence—of vice to work the woe,
And the weal of virtue, go!---

The fairies go out at one door; and as Elfina *is going out at the other,*

Enter GROTILLA, *another old fairy.*

Grot. Siſter! ſiſter!
Elf. Whence com'ſt thou?
Grot. I come far.
Elf. What to do? Tell me---
Grot. To confer with you.

Elf.

Elf. Yonder,—(*pointing to the caſtle*)
Grot. What?
Elf. The caſtle there---
Grot. Well---
Elf. Contains my preſent care.
Grot. Briefly then thy care unfold.
Elf. Mark! it ſhall be briefly told.
Edgar, *Emmeline*, you knew---
Grot. Youthful both, and fair and true.
Elf. Thus their deſtiny was read,
While the ſiſters ſpun their thread;

" This youth a maid, this maid a youth muſt find,
" The beſt, the faireſt, both in form and mind:
" Each, as a friend, muſt each eſteem, admire;
" Yet catch no ſpark of amorous deſire!
" Till this be done, no chance ſhall bliſs beſtow,
" When this is done, no chance ſhall work them woe!

Grot. This was publiſh'd at their birth.
Elf. Right, and well 'tis known on earth.
Grot. Bleſs I wiſh them---
Elf. So do I.
Grot. Can you help them---
Elf. Certainly.
Grot. Search the iſland round and round,
None like either can be found.
Elf. Each by each muſt then be ſeen;
But not lov'd---
Grot. Hard taſk, I ween!
Elf. Hard the taſk, I know it well.
Grot. How perform it?---
Elf. I can tell.
Here the king purſues the chace;
All his nobles crowd the place:
Emm'line here a youth appears,
Gondibert the name ſhe bears;

Edgar is a maid in dreſs,
Call'd *Elfrida*---

Grot. Now I gueſs.

Elf. To the youth, the virgin ſeems,
Like himſelf, a youth; and deems,
Like herſelf, the youth a maid;
Neither thus to love betray'd.

Grot. You contriv'd---

Elf. I did---

Grot. But---

Elf. Stay!
Mortal footſteps mark the way.
Vaniſh- -quick! and leave me here:
If conjur'd, I muſt appear.

[*Exit* Grotilla; Elfina *retires.*

Enter EMMELINE, *diſguiſed in a man's habit, as* GONDIBERT.

Emm. What a ſituation am I in!——Is this figure really and truly *Emmeline*——the beloved and only daughter of great *Northumberland*? Every thing about me is ſo like a dream, that I am frighted to think I am awake.——O how weary I am of this dreſs! If I had known half that I ſhould have ſuffered in it, all the fairies in the world ſhould not have perſuaded me to put it on.——If I reſided here in this diſguiſe the month of the king's hunting, I was to break the ſpell I was born under, and my life was to be happy---ſo the fairy told me!——Yet the time expires to-morrow, and nothing has happened to me but vexation and diſappointment. I muſt once more ſee this powerful yet decrepit being, who, though inviſible, is always within my call.——This ring, which ſhe gave me, convenes her: if I take it off and touch it thrice, ſhe appears.——Once---twice---thrice!

[Elfina *comes forward, and touches her.*

Emm. O fairy! my ſituation is ſuch as I can bear no longer.

Elf. Patience; for it ends to-morrow.

Emm. To-morrow!——to-morrow is a thouſand years—When the horſe has all he can bear, a feather will break his back.

Elf. What's the matter?

Emm. Matter! why, in the firſt place, I have lived almoſt a month in a court——

Elf. That your ſorrow?

Emm. That my ſorrow! yes——I that have always lived in my father's principality, fair *Northumberland*, where a noble ſimplicity of manners ſhewed the heart to be open and undeſigning; have, by your perſuaſion and aſſiſtance, left it for a place, where hypocriſy is avowed by the name of good breeding; where the moſt ſhameful licentiouſneſs is juſtified as gallantry; diſſimulation and perfidy, as addreſs and good management; where ſelf-intereſt is profeſſed as the firſt principle of wiſdom, and virtue and public ſpirit derided as extravagance and ſuperſtition.

Elf. But your dreſs, was your defence.

Emm. O! it is my dreſs that expoſes me to more than half that I ſuffer. When one of my own ſex is in company, I am comparatively happy; but how unfit for a woman's ear is the converſation of men, when it is not reſtrained by knowing that a woman is preſent! I begin to fear that I ſhould not have thought ſo well even of thoſe men I have been uſed to converſe with, if they had appeared to me as they appear to each other.——The friendſhip and confidence of theſe lords of the creation, have almoſt robbed me, a weak woman, of my allegiance:——I am frighted at the thought of living among them.

Elf. Fear not vices you deteſt.

Emm. Fear not! but what muſt I hope? O fairy! if I have implicitly followed your inſtructions, if I have hidden them in my breaſt from every friend,

and

and even from good *Northumberland* my father, let me no longer ſuffer the anguiſh of ſuſpenſe.

Elf. Perſevere; believe; confide.

Emm. But I have yet found no object worthy of my love.

Elf. You muſt find, and know it not. Such the Fates ordain'd thy lot!

Emm. I know the myſtery of my fate—that the happineſs of my life depends upon my ſeeing and making a friend of the moſt beautiful and accompliſh'd of men, without one thought of love—Alas!—forgive my doubts, my fears—ſhould you——

Elf. Hold! of foul miſtruſt beware—To-morrow!

Emm. Well then, till to-morrow——

Elf. Soft—unhallowed feet are nigh!—*Florimond*—

Emm. O! that wretch haunts me like my ſhadow. To rally me for what he calls my virtue, ſeems to be his ſupreme delight; he is proud of his own inſenſibility to what gives me pain; the confuſion he throws me into, he conſiders as a teſt of his own abilities and accompliſhments; and as vanity is his predominant paſſion, he is ſo aſſiduous to ſecure the enjoyment of his ſuperiority, that I can ſcarce eſcape him one hour in a day.

Elf. He ſhall work thee woe and weal,
As to-morrow ſhall reveal!

Emm. But how? where?—dear, dear fairy!—

Elf. Ha, ha, ha! How and where muſt ſtill perplex ye;
And, in kindneſs, I muſt vex ye.—Ha, ha, ha!

[*Elfina diſappears.*

Emm. Gone!—Myſtery! perplexity, and diſtreſs! She ſports too with my anxiety! I almoſt wiſh I had not truſted her: but 'tis too late—Here comes *Florimond*, and my torment begins.

Enter

Enter FLORIMOND, *singing.*

Flor. Ha! my little *Gondibertus!* have I found you?—What all alone *(peeping about)*? Egad I was in hopes there had been a wench in the caſe, and that I might have given thee joy of thy reformation.

Emm. Sir, I choſe to be alone. Solitude is ſometimes not only uſeful, but pleaſant.

Flor. Why 'tis a fine moon-light evening indeed—But what the devil—

Emm. I have ſufficient ſubject for meditation, Sir; and I hoped that, as there is a ball at the caſtle to-night, you would have been better engag'd than to watch my privacy.

Flor. What! better engag'd than to raiſe ſuch a recruit for the beau monde, as thou art?—Come, come, thou ſhalt not thus ſteal away from good company to thyſelf.

Emm. Sir, upon my word, I'm fit company for none but myſelf at preſent.—

Flor. Pſhaw!—what always muzzy, with a diſmal countenance as long as a taylor's bill! Come, chear up, boy, I've news for thee.

Emm. For me, Sir! *(alarm'd)*

Flor. Aye, to divert thee I mean; that's all.

Emm. What, is it any thing uncommon then?

Flor. No faith, not very uncommon neither; tho' perhaps thou may'ſt make a wonder of it—'Tis only an heireſs that's juſt run away with a young fellow.

Emm. That, indeed, is not ſo uncommon as might be wiſh'd. But who is ſhe? is ſhe of any faſhion?

Flor. Yes faith, ſhe is of ſome faſhion; *Northumberland*'s fair daughter *Emmeline*, that's all—

Emm. Oh!—

Flor. What, thy virtue is ſhock'd at the licentiouſneſs of the age? Ha, ha, ha!—Or art thou a lover of the fair *Emmeline*'s? hey!

Emm.

Emm. (*aſide.*) What ſhall I ſay? my confuſion will certainly betray me—'Twas only a ſudden pain ſhot croſs my breaſt—But what particulars do you hear?

Flor. Why it ſeems ſhe got leave of her father to follow him hither; and it is juſt accidentally diſcovered, that ſhe left his caſtle the next day, though ſhe has not been here yet.

Emm. Well; but why do you therefore conclude, that ſhe's gone off with a man?

Flor. Why only becauſe the duke of *Kent*'s ſon, *Edgar*, diſappeared upon the ſame pretence, juſt at the ſame time; and both have been miſſing ever ſince.

Emm. And is this ſufficient to authorize a poſitive aſſertion to the prejudice of a reputation, which hitherto not ſlander itſelf has preſum'd to ſtain?

Flor. Ha! ha! ha! Not ſlander itſelf has preſum'd to ſtain! Ha, ha, ha. (*Mimicking her.*)

Emm. (*aſide.*) O my heart! what new inſult am I doom'd to ſuffer?—You'll excuſe me, Sir, if, upon this occaſion, I take the liberty to tell you, that your mirth is rather ill-timed; and—

Flor. Sir—do you know this fair lady, that you are ſo much diſpoſed to become her knight-errant?

Emm. (*aſide.*) I muſt be cautious, or my zeal may diſcover me. Sir, though I ſhould not know her, it is my point of honour, never to ſuffer the reputation of the abſent to be wantonly ſported away, upon mere circumſtances and ſurmiſe.

Flor. Your point of honour!—why to be ſure all this is very fine. But I'll tell you a ſecret, my dear—As unſtain'd as you may think the fair *Emmeline*'s reputation, there is a certain humble ſervant of yours, that ſhall be nameleſs, who has ſome *ſmall* reaſon to think, that a certain piece of brittle ware, which ſhe had the keeping of, may be a little crack'd—or ſo.

Emm. (*aſide*) A wretch! who never ſaw me but in this diſguiſe—You are well acquainted with her then?

Flor. Why—I am—

Emm.

Emm. And pray, what kind of woman is ſhe?

Flor. Why, ſhe's a pretty—upon my word, a very pretty wench.

Emm. But is ſhe tall, or ſhort, or brown, or fair?

Flor. You have never ſeen her, you ſay?

Emm. No more than I do this moment.

Flor. (*aſide.*) Then I may venture—Why ſhe is fair, tall, and ſlender; has a fine neck, a very fine neck! her limbs remarkably well turn'd, her leg and ancle the fineſt I ever ſaw—

Emm. (*diſtreſs'd and confounded.*) Oh!

Flor. Aye—I thought I ſhould ſet you a longing: but come, ſhe's not to be had at preſent it ſeems; ſo no more of her.

Emm. I cannot ſo eaſily diſmiſs her as you may imagine; and yet, perhaps, you may miſtake the reaſon.

Flor. Very likely, faith; but what is it?

Emm. Why I am aſtoniſh'd, that you make ſo light of what has happen'd to her; whether you conſider it as the loſs of a miſtreſs, or whether as a misfortune to a woman you muſt be ſuppos'd to have lov'd, and to whom you muſt have had obligations of the ſtrongeſt and moſt tender kind: one of theſe lights you muſt ſee it in.

Flor. Why, my dear, as to that, I am extreamly eaſy about loſing her; for between you and I—I cou'd ſpare her. I muſt, indeed, confeſs, that I was very fond of her once; but 'faith, the obligations were all on her ſide—It's among ourſelves.

Emm. (*aſide*) O, my heart! what a monſtrous compound of vanity and lies is this!—How ſo, pray ſir?

Flor. Why, I us'd to meet her in her father's park night after night, at the riſk of my life; and egad, what with the danger, and what with the fatigue, I grew tir'd of her; and, to tell you the truth, provided her another lover, to make good my retreat. It's among ourſelves.

Emm. Well ſaid—and who was that, ſir?

Flor. The very ſame *Edgar* that ſhe is now run away with. I thought it would be a pretty thing for him; for he is one of your fighting fellows, that is never ſo happy as when he's in danger—but I'm ſorry he has been ſo indiſcreet.

Emm. Pray, Sir—excuſe me—I don't pretend to queſtion the truth of what you ſay; but there are ſome difficulties in the ſtory, that I ſhould be glad to have clear'd up—If you was ſo much in the lady *Emmeline*'s good graces, and had, as you ſay, no diſlike to her perſon, how came you not to think of marrying her? Such an alliance, I preſume, would not have diſhonoured you.—I ſhall confound him now. [*Aſide.*

Flor. Marrying her! Egad, ſhe knew a trick worth two o'that. I would have married her; and I told her ſo: "My dear *Florimond*," ſays ſhe,—her arm was then lying negligently croſs my ſhoulder, thus,—and ſhe look'd archly at me, thus,—"My dear *Flo-*
"*rimond*," ſays ſhe, "why ſhould you and I, that
"have now only the power of making each other
"happy, ſuffer a doating old prieſt to give us the
"power of making each other miſerable? If you
"were to be my huſband, you might ceaſe to be my
"lover; and then," ſays ſhe, with a moſt roguiſh leer, "perhaps I might be tempted to take another:
"you would tyrannize, I ſhould rebel; you wou'd
"enjoy nothing but the hope of breaking my heart,
"and I ſhould enjoy nothing but the hope of break-
"ing yours."

Emm. (*aſide.*) Still, ſtill, I draw upon myſelf more confuſion.—But why then did ſhe run away with *Edgar?* That muſt ruin her ſchemes, both of intereſt and pleaſure.

Flor. Nay, how the devil can I tell that?

[Emmeline *walks apart, confus'd and embarraſs'd*

Flor.

Flor. What, in your reveries!---Thou art now muſing on ſome *vartuous* love, like an ever faithful *lover tell* death,---ha, ha, ha!---Come, come, pſhaw, don't be a fool; ſome kind wench now would cure you---Egad, what think you of *Elfrida?*---Come along, we'll call at her apartment: perhaps ſhe's dreſſing, and we ſhall be admitted to her toilet. Upon my ſoul, a fine figure of a woman! a little maſculine, that's all; but take my word for it, a delicious morſel for all that!---Hark ye--, if you are not ſheepiſh, ſhe'll not be coy: it's among ourſelves--I tell you, as a friend; 'faith I don't love to monopolize--I'll juſt tickle up her fancy a little, and leave you together. Come!--

Emm. Pray, ſir--

Flor. I will, 'faith.

Emm. I muſt inſiſt---

Flor. Nay, nay, come along, come along. [*Lays hold of her.*

Emm. Sir, I muſt abſolutely be excus'd at preſent.

Flor. Why, what a plague is it now that thou haſt taken into thy head?

Emm. Sir, I have an affair that at preſent requires me to be alone; which I cannot farther explain, than---

Flor. Say no more, ſay no more. (*aſide.*) Egad, I have gueſs'd it now---A challenge!---why, there's light enough for two people to cut one another's throats by, to be ſure---I'll away---Well, my dear, if I muſt leave you to the dew and the moonſhine, I muſt; but d'ye hear---'faith I'll to *Elfrida*---will you follow me? If you don't ſtay too long, you'll find an *attendriſſement*, that your may be oblig'd to your humble ſervant for; that's all---it's among ourſelves. ---Adieu. [*Exit.*

Emm. Why, fare thee well, thou wretch, without a name---What will, what can become of me?

What is it that prompts this fool, whom as I never knew, I never could provoke, to wrong me thus? is it a ſacrifice to his vanity? or is it mere wantonneſs and ſport?----Pray heav'n this fairy don't deceive me! ---What ſhall I do?---I muſt ſee her, and take her counſel in this new diſtreſs.

[*She takes off her ring, and touches it thrice; but the fairy does not appear.*

Ha!---ſure I dream!---Forlorn, deſerted!---this perfidious goblin!----Again I touch it; once---and twice ---and thrice---and yet ſhe is not here!---O I could---But though I ſee her not, ſhe may be near me, to hear and puniſh the complaints which her unkindneſs forces from me---To whom can I now eaſe my heart!---O! ſacred friendſhip!---but here I have no friend. *Elfrida*---yes, ſhe indeed, as if by ſome ſecret ſympathy, claims my confidence; and my heart tells me, ſhe deſerves it----Yes, I will truſt her with my ſecret: ſhe will be a witneſs for me againſt this ſlander, and aſſiſt me with her advice. [*Exit.*

[*The ſcene changes to* Edgar's *apartment, and diſcovers him at a toilet, dreſſing in the character of* Elfrida; *a woman attending.*

Edgar. Here, give me the ribbons—Get you gone—I'll call you, when I want you.

Woman. (*aſide*) This lady has the ſtrangeſt humours! [*Exit.*

Edgar. Was ever man in ſuch ridiculous diſtreſs! I'm ſure I ne'er knew any thing like it, ſince I was *Edgar* the ſon of *Kent*. Here have I had a young tempting girl fiddle-faddling about me theſe two hours to dreſs me, forſooth—with an officious handineſs ſo provoking, that no virtue under that of a ſtockfiſh could endure it patiently. Yet an old woman upon theſe occaſions I cannot bear: and, in ſhort, I can no longer

longer bear a young one.—It is my fate, they ſay, to be miſerable, if I don't get acquainted with the fineſt girl in *England*, without wiſhing for her; and I was told by a little goblin that ſtarted up before me, after it had led me, under the appearance of a Jack o' Lantern, into a wood, That if I could ſpend the king's hunting month here in this diſguiſe, all would be right; but how my being in petticoats ſhould make me leſs likely to love a fine girl, I cannot conceive! A fine girl, indeed, may be leſs likely to love me; but as to myſelf, it is high time for me to get into breeches, that I may get out of temptation. Here they flock about me—one ſits down juſt before me, and, without any ceremony, ties her garter—another gets me to adjuſt her tucker.—I'm the witneſs of ſo many pranks, and the confidant of ſo many ſecrets! Then I have my hours of mortification too: I am tormented by a ſwarm of profligate fops, who try to debauch every woman they ſee, with as little concern as they take ſnuff: wretches, who are as deſtitute of love, as they are of virtue; and have as little enjoyment, as they have underſtanding! And here I'm obliged to mince, and piſh, and fye,—and affect to bluſh,—'ſdeath, when I'm burſting with indignation, and long to knock 'em down—I'll bear it no longer.

ELFINA *ſuddenly appears from under the toilet, and places herſelf before him.*

Edgar. Ha! What again?

Elf. Again.

Edgar. Art thou my good or evil genius? Tell me.

Elf. As you think me, you ſhall find me.

Edgar. I will think thee then my good genius, for I would fain find thee ſo.

Elf. You muſt truſt me too, or elſe---

Edgar. Truſt you!—Look at the figure I make here, and then judge if I have not truſted you.

Elf. But your virtue muſt be tried.

Edgar. Tried!—By what new torments would you try it? Have I not ſuffered the two worſt things in nature, temptation and ſuſpenſe? Have not I—

Elf. No—you have not perſevered: all is loſt, if you give out.

Edgar. Reſolve my doubts then; torment me no longer with ſuſpenſe: let me be certain of the event, and I will be an anchorite, in ſpight of this habit and all its works, a month longer.

Elf. Well—Obſerve me then, and learn.

Edgar. (*eagerly*) What ſhall I learn?

Elf. Patience, *Edgar!*—Fare thee well. Ha, ha, ha! [*A machine riſes under her, and carries her away.*

Edgar. Derided, and forſaken!—I doubt this is one of the wanton and miſchievous elves, that tantalize poor mortals for their own diverſion: however, as I have played in the farce ſo long, I'll not ſtop in the laſt ſcene.—

Enter Woman.

Woman. Ma'am, here's my lord *Trifle* has ſent his compliments to your la'ſhip; and begs to know, whether he ſhall have the honour of waiting upon your la'ſhip to the ball.

Edgar. (*recovering his female attitude and accent*) My compliments, am much oblig'd to his lordſhip, but am engag'd.

Woman. Yes, ma'am.

Edgar. Harkye----

Woman. Ma'am.

Edgar. Has *Gondibert* call'd here this evening?

Woman. No, ma'am.

Edgar. Nor ſent?

Woman. No, ma'am. [*Exit.*

Edgar. There's a man, now, who might atone for the vices of the whole ſex! I am ſo anxious to recommend

mend myſelf to him, even in this diſguiſe; and feel ſuch a reluctance to do any thing that may diſguſt him, even while he thinks me a woman; that when he is preſent, I labour to make my manner ſuit with my appearance, I know not how, by a kind of involuntary effort. How ſtrange is the rapidity with which ſome minds unite!

Enter Woman.

Woman. Ma'am, there's count *Florimond.*

Edgar. Did not I tell you-----

Woman. Yes, ma'am; and I told him,----but he ſaid he knew your la'aſhip was at home, and that he muſt ſee you.

Edgar. Muſt ſee me!

Woman. Yes, ma'am; and though I told him your la'aſhip was a-dreſſing, yet he would follow me.----O Lord, he's the ſtrangeſt man!----He's here, an pleaſe your la'aſhip.---

Enter FLORIMOND.

Edgar. (*aſide*) What a farce muſt I now act! Pray heav'n it has not a tragical cataſtrophe!

Flor. My dear goddeſs!

Edgar. Lard, how can you be ſo monſtrous rude!---burſting into one's dreſſing-room---and putting one into ſuch flurries-----

[*He fumbles at pinning on a breaſt-knot.*

Flor. That your heart beats in concert with mine.---The dear toilet is not more the altar of beauty, than of love.---Permit me the honour, ma'am, of aſſiſting to place that envied ornament on your boſom.

Edgar. Lard, Sir!----I beg----not for the world---you quite confound me----

Flor.

Flor. (*preſſing*) My life! My angel!—

[*Catches him haſtily round the waiſt, and endeavours to kiſs him; upon which* Edgar *gives him a ſmart blow on the ear.*

Edgar. Nay then there is no expedient----

Flor. (*retreating backward*) Ma'am!----

[Edgar *ſtamps, and* Florimond *ſtarts and retreats farther back; at the ſame time*

EMMELINE, *as* GONDIBERT, *appears at the door.*

Flor. I proteſt, ma'am,---- (*frighted*)

Edgar. (*ſternly*) And I proteſt, Sir,----

Flor. Ma'am, I beg---

Edgar. And I beg, Sir,----

Flor. (*turning and ſeeing* Gondibert) O----Ma'am, your moſt humble ſervant. [*going.*

Emm. (*aſide to* Flor.) Sir----I am under very great obligations to you---but I would not have you tickle up her fancy any more, upon my account----

Flor. Duce take you!----I wiſh you had been as near her as I was.

[*Is going, but again ſtops and adjuſts his wig by a pocket mirrour.*

Edgar (*to* Emmeline, *recovering himſelf, and adjuſting his dreſs*) Lord, Sir---I'm in ſuch a flurry----I, I, I, I'm very ſorry I ſhould have been provok'd to any thing ſo unbecoming the delicacy of my ſex.

Flor. Upon my ſoul, ſo am I too-------Sir, your humble ſervant. [*Exit.*

Emm. You have no reaſon to apologize for your indig-

dignation, madam; though your blow was ſomething ſpirited, I muſt confeſs.

Edg. I'm in ſuch confuſion, ſir—and he has made me ſuch a figure!—to treat *me* with indecent familiarities!

Emm. Dear madam, compoſe yourſelf, and think no more of him. He has not been much better company to me, than he has to you, I'll aſſure you.

Edgar. Lord, ſir, you ſurpriſe me!—Pray, what impertinence has he been guilty of to you?

Emm. He has been filling my ears with ſcandal, madam; a ſubject which ſeems to be equally ſuitable both to his abilities and diſpoſition! He has been telling me, that *Edgar*—

Edgar. Who, ſir? (*haſtily.*)

Emm. *Edgar*, madam, the ſon of the earl of *Kent*—

Edgar. What of him, ſir?—what ſcandal has he ſpread of *Edgar?*—

Emm. (*aſide.*) Ha! ſo intereſted!—She loves him, ſure.

Edgar. Let me conjure you, ſir, if this wretch has ſaid any thing to diſhonour *Edgar*, you would tell it to *me.*

Emm. (*aſide.*) It muſt be ſo—Your very earneſtneſs forbids me, madam.

Edgar. I know I'm mov'd, and you muſt think it ſtrange.

Emm. (*ſurpris'd at the maſculine tone and manner into which his earneſtneſs involuntarily betrays him*) Strange, indeed!—

Edgar. Perhaps, 'tis ſtranger ſtill than you can think.

Emm. Your manner, madam—

Edgar. No matter—Forms and modes become trifles too ſmall for notice, when they ſtand in competition with a friend's good name.

Emm. (*aſide.*) Her love is to diſtraction—She frights me, and is not to be truſted—

Edgar. Let me conjure you—tell me—

Emm. I cannot tell you, madam.

Edgar. Cannot!

Emm. I ought not—Truſt me there are reaſons—Let it ſuffice that in the ſtory I have heard, a lady's honour is as much concern'd as *Edgar*'s, that the ſlander cannot intereſt you, more than me; that I will do my utmoſt to make it's falſehood ſo notorious, that it cannot be believ'd; and I entreat that, as you tender your peace, you would as yet enquire no farther—I know myſelf not proof againſt your importunity; and therefore you will excuſe me, if, having no other way, I ſave myſelf by flight. [*Exit.*

[Edgar *runs out after her, but returns.*

Edgar. Curſe on this cumberſome habit! I cannot overtake him. Was ever any thing ſo vexatious! I have been defam'd by ſome ſcandalous falſehood, and I muſt do my honour juſtice—I can, at a ſmall expence of diſſimulation, get that wretch, *Florimond*, to repeat to me all that he has told to *Gondibert*: I will do it—and I will as yet lie in ambuſh under this diſguiſe, to make ſure of my blow.

[*Exit.*

EMMELINE, *as* GONDIBERT, *re-enters.*

Emm. She's gone!—What can I, or what ought I to do? If I had told her the ſtory, I muſt have diſcovered myſelf to convince her it could not be true: but who knows what a jealous woman might have thought upon finding the very perſon, who is ſaid to have gone off with her lover, in ſo ſtrange a diſguiſe! —Yet ſhe will certainly contrive to hear it from *Florimond*; and then, good heaven! what will ſhe ſuffer,

if I do not convince her that it is falſe!—I muſt, I will truſt her—I have no other chance to ſave her, but by making a diſcovery, which, if I had really gone off with *Edgar*, it is certain I ſhould not have made, eſpecially to her. But I muſt not intrude upon her now: I will plant myſelf where I may intercept her before ſhe can ſee *Florimond*, and truſt to generous friendſhip for the event. [*Exit.*

END of the FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

The Terrace at Windſor Caſtle.

Enter FLORIMOND, *with a Letter.*

Flor. AYE---ſhe was obliged to be angry, becauſe that fool *Gondibert* appear'd juſt in the critical minute at the door--pox take him!—I might have known it was not natural, by her overdoing it—it was, indeed, overdone with a vengeance! But now ſhe's in the pannicks, leſt I ſhould reſent it. Now ſhe has ſomething to ſay—and—if I am diſengag'd,---ſhe will be glad to meet me upon the terrace. If I ſhould humble her now, and not meet her---but that would be cruel. I will, however, take ſome ſtate upon me---I will look a little formal; it may ſave me ſome trouble in my future advances.---Here ſhe comes.

Enter EDGAR, *ſtill diſguis'd as* ELFRIDA.

[Florimond *receives him with an air of negligent haughtineſs, and makes a formal bow.*

Edgar. Sir, I hope you will not take any advantage of my weakneſs---

Flor. (*turning from her.*) Weakneſs! pox on you---Your weakneſs don't lie in your arm, I'm ſure o'that.

Edgar: (*following.*) Or ſuppoſe, ſir, that whatever reaſon I may have for deſiring this meeting---What airs the wretch gives himſelf! (*aſide*)---I ſay, ſir, that you would not ſuppoſe---I cannot contain myſelf!---

[*Aſide.*

Flor. Poor ſoul! what confuſion! I will relax a little of my ſeverity. (*Aſide.*) Madam, I will ſuppoſe nothing, but that you have given me another opportunity of hearing your commands.

Edgar. I think, ſir, you was telling *Gondibert* a certain affair between you, and *Edgar*, and a lady; and ſomething that, by his manner of telling it, I could not very well underſtand.

Flor. (*aſide.*) Aye---a very good introduction---a love-ſtory is a moſt excellent prelude to a love-ſcene---I perceive we are to adjourn---Why, madam, a certain fair lady, call'd *Emmeline*, has thought fit to make *Edgar* as happy, as any man can be made, except him, madam, whom you ſhall pleaſe to honour with the ſame favour---Upon my ſoul, ſhe's a fine creature!

Edgar. Sir, your compliments really put me ſo out of countenance---that I ſhall bluſh to death---

Flor. Your bluſhes are ſo becoming, madam, that---

Edgar. Give me leave, ſir, to entreat, that you would at preſent ſpare my confuſion, and tell me all the particulars of that affair which have come to your knowledge.

Flor. Aye----ſhe wants a luſcious deſcription now. (*Aſide.*) Why, madam, I preſume that *Edgar*, being fir'd with the charms of *Emmeline*, firſt gaz'd languiſhingly upon her; caught her eyes the firſt time they were caſually turn'd upon him; when, in a ſoft confuſion, ſhe haſtily turn'd her look downward and bluſh'd; he took her hand, firſt preſſing it gently in his own, then raiſing it to his lips; then, madam, I preſume he might proceed to---

Edgar. Sir!---I ſhall certainly be out of patience, and knock him down (*aſide.*)---Sir, if you have any deſire to oblige me---or have any expectations, ſir, of favours---Not, ſir, that I---

Flor. My dear angel, keep me no longer in ſuſpenſe; let me know your commands, that I may fulfil the condition of--- [*Preſſing.*

Edgar.

Edgar. (*drawing back*) Hold, Sir---You muſt then, without farther delay or interruption, give me a direct anſwer to a few ſhort queſtions.

Flor. Why, madam, it ſhall then be in your own way.

Edgar. Firſt then, Sir, are you acquainted with *Edgar*, the young heir of *Kent?*

Flor. Why, madam, to proceed implicitly as you direct, I believe there are few perſons who know more of that gentleman, than your humble ſervant.

Edgar. (*aſide*) Matchleſs impudence!——And pray, Sir, what kind of a youth is he?

Flor. (*aſide*) I ſee by her curioſity ſhe don't know him——Why, madam, the youth is a, a, a, rather ſoft—a green youth, madam, as we ſay——

Edgar. Sir, theſe are terms that I do not perfectly comprehend: and, therefore, I beg you would be more explicit.

Flor. Why then, explicitly, madam, he is, upon my ſoul, a ſhallow fellow----a very ſhallow fellow, faith---It's among ourſelves.

Edgar. He is.

Flor. He is indeed, madam.----The poor devil has ſome aukward good nature, and I have a kindneſs for him; but, between you and I, he'll never be ſo much a man of honour as I could wiſh him----

Edgar. (*forgetting his feminine character, and running up to him*) How, villain!---

Flor. (*frighted and drawing back*) Ma'am-----!

Edgar. (*aſide*) What have I done! (*he draws himſelf again into form*) To think of villainy in people that, by their rank, are ſet up as examples to others, quite tranſports me out of myſelf.—Heigh ho!—It has quite overcome me.

[*Affects to be faint, and takes out a ſmelling bottle.*

Flor. (*aſide*) What a terrible virago it is!—May I preſume, madam, to lend you my hand.

[*approaching cautiouſly.*

Edgar. It is over, Sir——I'm ſo ſubject to flurries----and my poor nerves are ſo ſhattered.—— I'm extremely obliged to you for this character of *Edgar*— To have been guilty of any thing baſe!---

Flor. Very baſe, I aſſure you, madam.

Edgar. Sir.--- (*aſſuming a fierce maſculine air, but inſtantly correcting himſelf*)

Flor. Ma'am——(*ſtarting back*) Fore Gad, ſhe's mad!--- and upon my ſoul in my opinion damnably miſchievous. (*aſide*)—

Edgar. Give me leave, ſir---as well as I am able--- to aſk you what in particular has—but I ſee company coming----If we walk this way, we ſhall avoid them.

Flor. (*aſide*) Avoid them!—Heaven forbid!—Perhaps, madam, another time—

Edgar. Sir, I ſhall die, if my curioſity is not gratified.

Flor. Madam---at preſent I am---

Edgar. Sir, I beg---for my reputation, that we may not be ſurpriz'd together, while I am in this diſorder.

Flor. By no means, madam—let us part this moment—If you'll go off one way, I'll go the other.

Edgar. O not for the world!—To be ſeen to part haſtily, upon being obſerved together, would be the ſubject of eternal ſcandal.——Let me beg the favour of your arm— (*lays hold of his arm*)

Flor. (*crying out*) Lard Gad, madam!—

Edgar. Sir?—

Flor. You'll pinch it through---

Edgar. Lord, Sir, 'tis my fright——One naturally claſps any thing hard in a fright.

Flor. Madam, you do me honour—

[*Edgar holds his arm; he keeps as far off as he can, and fixes his eyes upon him, as they go out.*

By the heavens! ſhe has the gripe of a bum-bailiff. (*aſide.*) [*Exeunt.*

SCENE,

SCENE, *the dark Grove.*

Enter ELFINA.

Elf. Siſter! ſiſter! (Grotilla *ſuddenly appears*)
Grot. ——Here am I.
Elf. Now the fated hour is nigh
Keep the lovers in your eye.
Each to each ſhall ſoon be known;
Each for each was born alone.
Grot. Florimond, the caitiff vile---
Elf. They ſhall proſper by his guile:
(Evil we for good permit)
This their friendſhip's knot ſhall knit.
But the fated hour is nigh----

Come, ye elves, whoſe minds perceive,
By ſecret impulſe, what I will;
Come, your ſports this moment leave,
And what I ordain fulfil.
[*Many fairies ſuddenly appear.*

Now the fated hour is nigh,
To rites that charm from ill apply.
Form the circle on the dew, (*they form a ring.*)
Round, and round, the track renew;----
[*they dance.*
Mark it thrice, and thrice again—
Join with me the magic ſtrain.

SONG.

By the bat's nocturnal flight
O'er the ſleeping plants and flow'rs;
By the moon's inconſtant light,
Potent ſpell of midnight hours—

By

By the ring of various dies,
Circling oft the ſilver ball;
By the genial miſts that riſe,
By the virgin dews that fall.----

By the meteor's gleamy ſpark,
Wand'ring o'er the reedy lake;
Stars that ſhoot athwart the dark,
Lights from polar ſkies that break.----

By Night, and all things that to Night pertain---
Ye rival powers, from adverſe arts abſtain!
Intrude not now my purpoſe to conteſt;
But let the pair that I would bleſs, be bleſt.

Elf. Ceaſe, the fated hour is nigh!---
Ceaſe, and to the caſtle fly!
Careful watch the great event,
Finiſh'd ere the day be ſpent.
[*Fairies and the ſcene diſappear together.*

Enter EMMELINE, *ſtill diſguiſed as* GONDIBERT.

Emm. She's gone out, and I have unfortunately miſſed her----She is certainly got to *Florimond*----Ha! yonder they are---Yes, it is certainly ſo---What violent emotion!----Now they move haſtily forward----Now ſhe ſtops ſhort----her geſtures are ſcarce feminine----Now ſhe recovers herſelf---*Florimond* too ſeems to be frighted out of his gallantry, and extremely willing to put an end to the converſation----'Tis over! he leaves her, and ſhe comes this way.----Yes, I will open my whole heart to her; not for my ſake now, but her own. Whatever are the firſt falſhes of her ſurprize and paſſion, ſhe muſt at length feel and return my friendſhip.----Here ſhe comes: I muſt not accoſt her too abruptly. (*Retires to a little diſtance.*)

Enter EDGAR *ſtill as* ELFRIDA. *Seeing* EMMELINE, *he ſtops ſhort.*

Edgar. Ha! *Gondibert*----I know the generous reaſon, now, of his reſerve. In this diſguiſe, what could my intereſt in *Edgar* appear to him, but love!----and if it had been ſo, how muſt I have been hurt by what he had to tell me!----But he is not leſs intereſted in the lady----ſo he ſaid----Sure then he is to *Emmeline*, what he thought *Edgar* was to me!----Let me then repay his generous kindneſs; let me diſcover, not only *what*, but *who* I am, to convince him that the tale is falſe, which, if true, muſt deſtroy his peace. (*Going up to* Emmeline)-----You need not ſhun me, ſir; I have now nothing to aſk, that you would wiſh to conceal: I have only to requeſt, that you would forgive me for having violated your injunction, not to ſatisfy the curioſity you had raiſed. I am apprized of your kind, your generous motive; and it has inſpired my breaſt with all that it is poſſible I ſhould feel for you, a grateful and ardent friendſhip.

Emm. Your love, madam, I make no doubt, is fixed on a much nobler and more deſerving object.—*Edgar*, I preſume----

Edgar. My connection with *Edgar*, ſir, is indeed, in ſome ſenſe, the reaſon why your merit cannot make an impreſſion, which I am not aſhamed to ſay it might otherwiſe have done: and yet, ſir, let me confeſs that I am not affected by the ſtory of his diſappearing with *Emmeline*, as you might reaſonably imagine, becauſe I know for *certain* that it *cannot* be true.

Emm. (*haſtily*) Ha! that it cannot be true----

Edgar. I now owe *your friendſhip* a diſcovery, if indeed it is a diſcovery, which I was prompted by mere *regard to myſelf* to have made before: I think there is a connection between you and *Emmeline*, that—

Emm.

Emm. There is, indeed, a connection, madam---- a ſecret, which you convince me it is now in vain to affect to hide ---

Edgar. Let me then claim it—But let me firſt, as a pledge of that friendſhip which I hope ſhall end but with our lives, give, for your ſecret, mine.—

Emm. Do then, nor keep me longer in ſuſpenſe; for ſtill, the more we talk, the more I am perplexed. (*aſide*) What can *her* ſecret be!

Edgar. Why then, in the firſt place, ſir,---I am—a man --

Emm. (*aſide, with great emotion, which ſhe labours to conceal*) A man!—Good Heav'n! what will become of me!

Edgar. And now, let me at once embrace you as a friend: punctilios and forms no longer part us—

[*As* Edgar *advances eagerly to* Emmeline, *ſhe hides her face, and appears in great confuſion.*

Edgar. (*haſtily*) What ails my friend?

Emm. O! you have ruined all my pleaſing project--- prevented—but no matter---

Edgar. This is amazing! For heaven's ſake, what d'ye mean?—You was not ſure enamoured of my perſon---

Emm. O! no---You ſtill miſtake ---

Edgar. Then tell me my miſtake; for we may now converſe on even terms: our hearts may now be opened to each other, without the forms and the reſerve preſcribed in friendſhips with the ſofter ſex.

Emm. O! ſtill you wander, wide and wider ſtill---- I cannot ſpeak—

Edgar. You muſt---There is a ſecret, which, but now, your heart was ready to reveal---

Emm. And then I thought it known—but now—

Edgar. Now my warm heart has claimed you for my friend—

Emm. And now to tell it is impoſſible----I cannot tell it---and if I could, you would not find the friendſhip that you hope—

[Edgar *looks earneſtly at her, wond'ring and embarraſs'd.*

(*aſide*) I ſicken at his ſight----Oh my heart!

Edgar. I'm all perplexity and wonder!—Your colour comes and goes, like a ſick girl's—(*She becomes more confuſed, as he marks her confuſion*)—You tremble!—Heavens! he faints!----(*he catches her in his arms, and diſcovers her breaſt*) By all my wonder and my joy, a woman!----How lovely her confuſion!—O let my boſom warm thee back to life! Look up, and truſt the honour of my love: you ſhall not whiſper what you would conceal; nor will I ſeem to know it.

[*She recovers.*

Emm. O! let me hide me from myſelf---my ſex thus known---in this diſguiſe! Where ſhall my conſcious bluſhes find a veil!---Who are you? Tell me, that I may hide me from your ſight for ever.

Edgar. O! no---On that condition, let me ne'er be known.

Emm. Yet tell me---truſt me---

Edgar. Truſt thee! Yes, with my life I'd truſt thee. Thy friend---O! know me by a ſofter name---is *Kent*'s young heir; that *Edgar* you have heard ſo falſely and ſo wantonly traduc'd.

Emm. Still wonders crowd on wonders!

Edgar. I dream myſelf, or this is all enchantment.

Emm. So might you think, indeed, if more you knew me.

Edgar. Let me then know thee more, whom now I know as the moſt fair and gentle of thy ſex; whom yet I ſaw and lov'd without deſire----my pledge of happineſs!---May I be thine!---but yet I rave---thy fate was not like *Edgar*'s---

Emm.

Emm. Spare me—thy words have pow'r, which yet thou know'ſt not.

Edgar. O! take me from the rack! My thoughts grow wild!---There is, indeed, a maid, whoſe fate I've heard was ſuch as mine---that *Emmeline*--O! hea-v'n, that *Emmeline*, in whom I thought thy intereſt, love!----O! yes, it muſt, it ſhall----thou, thou art ſhe!

Emm. Leave me, or I ſhall die with my confuſion---

Edgar. Let me ſupport thee, hide thee in my breaſt, where thou ſhalt breathe thy anſwer in a ſigh.---Art thou not *Emmeline*, my fated love?

Emm. If *Emmeline* be thy fated love---I am---

Edgar. Still let me claſp thee cloſe, and cloſer ſtill; calm all the tumults of thy feeling mind, and ſooth thee into confidence by love.

Emm. No, let me now retire: for, in this dreſs, I cannot bear to ſee myſelf, or you.

Edgar. Yet ſtay—forgive the violence I do you—My fame and yours are wantonly traduc'd; 'tis fit that we do juſtice to them both, and puniſh the traducer.

Emm. He is not worth reſentment.

Edgar. He is for others ſakes, though not his own. ---I have a thought, would *Emmeline* but join—

Emm. Tell me then quickly.

Edgar. Send him a challenge in behalf of *Emmeline*, as *Gondibert*; and meet him, not as *Gondibert*, but *Emmeline*: I will take care to be preſent, not as *Elfrida* but *Edgar*: he will then be ſelf-convicted as a liar, by knowing neither of the perſons he has defam'd; and we may farther puniſh him as we pleaſe.

Emm. Well, I will try at this: but now diſmiſs me. [*She breaks from his hand, and runs off.*

Edgar. Farewel, my love!---How has the hand of heav'n vouchſafed to guide me through all the mazes of my fate, to bliſs! Even my revenge, my juſtice rather,

rather, upon that wretch, whoſe very folly is inve-nom'd, ſhall be compleat---But a mind ſo baſe can never be brave----Suppoſe he ſhould not come---He's here.

Enter FLORIMOND. *Seeing* EDGAR, *he ſtops ſhort.*

Flor. Gad take me---this damn'd madwoman is certainly fated to be my death.

[Edgar *advances towards him; he draws back, and looks frighted.*

Edgar. Sir, I am ſo ſhock'd when I reflect upon the indecorums that my paſſions have made me guilty of to you, and my poor ſpirits are ſo flurried, that I really am not able to make my 'pology.

Flor. Ma'am, I'm extreamly ſorry---and ma'am---I muſt abſolutely fly from your ladyſhip's apology.---[*Going.*

Edgar. Sir, I muſt beg the favour of your ear for a few minutes---I hope, ſir, you will pardon my confuſion---I have ſomething to ſay to you, ſir, that---Let me beg, ſir, that you would come a little nearer---

Flor. (*aſide.*) Pox on her---ſhe wants to faſten her damn'd claws upon me again----(*To her*) Your commands, madam, always do me honour---And upon my ſoul always leave me black and blue. [*Aſide.*

Edgar. I have juſt heard, ſir, ſomething that has fluſtered me to ſuch a degree---

Flor. (*aſide.*) Aye---another fright! ſhe'll certainly lay hold of me---(*retiring*) Ma'am---a, a, a, I hope there's no danger threatens your ladyſhip.---

Edgar. Not directly me, ſir; nor indeed much danger to you: but I was willing you ſhould be prepared—

Flor. Danger—prepared—for heav'n's ſake, madam, what d' ye mean?

Edgar.

Edgar. Why *Gondibert*, ſir—you'll excuſe my freedom—Lard, that I ſhould be ſo indiſcreet—I'm ſenſible, that the intereſt I take in the affair, may be liable to conſtructions of ſuch a nature---that---

Flor. Lord, ma'am, if there is any villainous deſign againſt me, I beſeech you to let me know it---(*looking about.*) Perhaps we had better change our ground; ſome villain may be taking aim at me as I ſtand.

Edgar. You need not be under ſuch apprehenſions, ſir; it is a matter of no conſequence—It is only, that *Gondibert* is to ſend you a challenge, for the liberty you have taken with lady *Emmeline*; that's all---

Flor. Oh, if it's only an intention of *Gondibert* to cut my throat, to be ſure that's a matter of no conſequence---A bloody-minded ruffian! [*Aſide.*

Edgar. Why, ſir, to my certain knowledge, *Gondibert* knows no more of a ſword, than a girl of eighteen; and has not a grain more courage.

Flor. (*taking courage*) Why, as to that, madam---

Edgar. As to that, ſir, I am confident it would make no difference to you; but as I know he won't fight, and only preſumes upon an inſolent opinion, that count *Florimond*'s courage is as queſtionable as his own—

Flor. (*bluſtering.*) How, madam!

Edgar. Lard, ſir, if you are ſo violent, I ſhall certainly fall into my tremors---I ſhall certainly want the ſupport of your arm.

Flor. (*aſide.*) Mercy upon me! and I ſhall want but very little killing afterwards, if you do.

Edgar. I ſay, ſir, I think he ſhould be properly expos'd; and I hope you'll act accordingly.

Flor. Madam—excuſe me—a coward is my averſion; and you may depend upon his being chaſtiſed with moſt exemplary ſeverity---but I ſhould be ſorry to miſtake his character (*aſide*)---You know he won't fight?---

Edgar.

Edgar. (*a little haſtily*) Sir, if you ſuſpect my veracity---

Flor. O! Lord, madam---no, not in the leaſt.

Edgar. You'll excuſe me, ſir: I am really aſham'd ---of the liberty I have taken---Sir, your humble ſervant. [*Exit.*

Flor. Madam, your moſt obedient---Thank heav'n, ſhe's gone---It was a lucid interval; but it would not have been of much longer continuance. I'm oblig'd to her though, for her information---indeed am I---Egad, I'll make a figure in this buſineſs---But if the challenge is coming, I muſt be at home to receive it. [*Exit.*

SCENE, *the dark Grove.*

Enter ſeveral Fairies.

1ſt Fairy. Come away, come away!
We have jubilee to-day.
2d Fairy. Wherefore, wherefore?
3d Fairy. Tell me.
4th Fairy. Tell me.
1ſt Fairy. E'er the ev'ning ſheds the dew,
You ſhall know, and you, and you.
2d Fairy. What is finiſh'd?
3d Fairy. What is plann'd?
1ſt Fairy. Peace---the ſiſters are at hand.

Enter ELFINA *and* GROTILLA, *with many Fairies in groteſque Characters.*

Elf. Now we triumph!---now 'tis paſt!
Spells are broken, joy ſhall laſt!
Let the voice of muſick riſe;
Muſic, grateful to the ſkies.

AIR,

AIR, *with Chorus.*

We triumph, we triumph, with victory bleſt;
And beauty and truth are of pleaſure poſſeſs'd.
Let mortals be told, and rejoice in the ſound,
"No lovers henceforward by fate ſhall be bound:"
There's now no conditions of pleaſure but two,
Which they all may fulfil—to be tender *and* true.

Da Capo.

Elf. Now let ev'ry elf and fay
Dance the laughing hours away:
Let your nimble feet rebound,
Lightly from the daiſied ground;
Trip it round, and round, and round.

[*A dance.*

Elf. (*ſtopping ſuddenly.*) Hiſt—a mortal foot is nigh—
None muſt here remain but I.

[*Exeunt all but* Elfina, *who retires to the back of the ſtage.*

Enter FLORIMOND.

Flor. This is the place, and this is the time—but I ſee no ſigns of my little *Gondibertus*—Ha! here comes a *bona roba*, whom I have not the honour to know—Egad this affair will turn out with an eclat—very much to my honour—I'll make the moſt of it: I'll let her into my buſineſs here, without ſeeming to ſee her.

[Emmeline *enters in her own habit, and obſerves him; he affects not to ſee her; but walks haſtily to and again, often looking on his watch, affecting great impatience, and ſpeaking as to himſelf.*

A poltron! not to meet me upon his own challenge—I'll make him know what it is to inſult a man of ho-

nour—If the wretch had met me, I would have given him his life; but now to ſpare him—a ſcandal to mankind! Ha! (*affects to be ſurpris'd at ſeeing* Emmeline.) 'Death, interrupted and diſcovered!—(*half aſide.*) Madam—I proteſt—I am confounded—I am afraid that my natural impetuoſity has a, a, a—

Emm. Sir, I am very ſorry that I ſhou'd have intruded upon your privacy; but, perhaps, I have prevented ſomething that would have had worſe conſequences.

Flor. Madam, I am not at liberty—

Emm. By the few words, ſir, which juſt now involuntarily eſcaped you, I know that you are waiting here upon an affair of honour—but I intreat—

Flor. Madam, it is impoſſible—nothing but his life can atone for the inſult.

Emm. You will excuſe a woman, though a ſtranger, ſir, upon ſuch an occaſion: may I intreat to know, ſir, who has had the misfortune to incur the reſentment of a gentleman, who ſeems ſo little to deſerve ill treatment, and ſo able to puniſh it?

Flor. Madam, you do me honour---She is making advances already (*aſide.*)---Why, madam, as the treatment I have received makes it an act of juſtice to tell, what I ſhould otherwiſe rather die than diſcover, I will comply with your requeſt---Hem! A little dirty dependant upon the court here, madam, one *Gondibert*, thought fit to ſend me a challenge, upon account of ſomething I happened to ſay concerning a lady, in whoſe good graces I happen'd to be, and whom a fooliſh young fellow that I was a friend to has thought fit to run away with; and, madam, though I have ſo far treated him like a gentleman, as to accept his challenge, he has not come to the place appointed, and it is now half an hour paſt the time.

Emm. (*looking out*) Methinks I ſee ſomebody at a diſtance, coming this way; perhaps that may be the gentleman—

Flor.

Flor. (*ſtarting and looking out as afraid*) Ah! egad that's certainly he---(*aſide.*) Now if he ſhould not be a coward at laſt---Madam a, a, a, for God's ſake retire ---for---a, a, a.

Emm. Sir, I believe it will not be neceſſary; for I'm pretty ſure now, that the gentleman is a friend of mine---

Flor. A friend of yours, madam! pray who is he?

Emm. A gentleman, ſir, who, I am ſure, will be extreamly glad to be better known to you.

Enter EDGAR *in his proper dreſs.*

Emm. (*aſide.*) Yes, 'tis he, 'tis *Edgar!* With what elegance and dignity he looks the man!

Edgar. (*aſide.*) How ſoft, how lovely in her female dreſs!

Emm. (*to Florimond.*) Sir, as we are now no longer alone, I may confeſs, that I am not altogether a ſtranger to your perſon or your merit. (*To Edgar.*) Sir, this is *Florimond*, a gentleman to whom both you and I have ſome obligations, which I believe he is not at preſent aware of.

Flor. Upon my word, madam, you abſolutely confound me---this exceſſive honour---is it poſſible that I ſhould have been ſo happy, as to confer obligations---pray, madam, may I crave the honour of your name?

Edgar. Do you not at all recollect that lady, ſir?

Flor. Upon my ſoul, ſir, I cannot ſay that I do.

Edgar. Who, now, do you think it can poſſibly be, of all that your polite generoſity has oblig'd?

Flor. Let me periſh, ſir, if I can tell.

Edgar. Why, ſir, that lady is one *Emmeline*; with whom, as ſhe tells me, you was formerly moſt intimately acquainted; and whom you lately converſed with, ſir, in diſguiſe, by the name of *Gondibert*: it's among ourſelves.---What! quite confounded, ſir!

Flor. (*recovering himſelf*) Ha! ha! ha! confounded! Ha! ha! ha! No, no, ſir: you have had your jeſt, and I have had mine. I knew well enough who I was talking to, when I play'd upon the little *Gondibertus*—Ah! I thought I ſhould make you ſmart for your frolic----I told *Elfrida* my whole ſcheme----

Edgar. You told *Elfrida* your whole ſcheme—

Emm. But pray, ſir, as you did not know my perſon in my own dreſs, how came you to know me in diſguiſe?

Flor. Why, madam, to confeſs the truth, I was let into the ſecret by a friend. (*aſide*) Egad, this goes ſwimmingly.—

Edgar. Well, ſir; but pray give me leave to bring you acquainted with a perſon, who, I'm ſure, you are at preſent totally a ſtranger to-----Pray, who do you think I am?

Flor. (*aſide*) Heaven knows! but I wiſh I was fairly out of your clutches—Upon my ſoul, ſir, I have not the honour to know you, any otherwiſe than as a gentleman, whom I ſhould be extremely proud to conſider as my friend.

Edgar. Why, ſir, I have the honour to be one *Edgar*; a very ſhallow fellow, ſir, that you had ſome kindneſs for, becauſe he was aukwardly good-natured: I have alſo had the honour to receive ſeveral of your civilities, under the name of *Elfrida*-----It's among ourſelves.

Flor. Sir, your moſt humble ſervant-----I have at this time ſome urgent buſineſs-----

Edgar. So have I, ſir; and therefore you muſt not leave me yet----You may remember, ſir, that you told me your whole ſcheme to puniſh *Emmeline* for her frolick, and to mortify her with ſtories of herſelf by way of joke.

Flor. Sir, I beſeech you----

Edgar. Sir, I am extremely ſorry for the occaſion; but as this lady has not got her fighting cloaths on,

you

you muſt excuſe me if I take her challenge upon myſelf; and ſo ſir---(*draws*)---it's among ourſelves.

Emm. What has my thoughtleſs indiſcretion done!

Flor. Ah, dear ſir, now you are too ſerious-----

Emm. This muſt not be----For heav'ns ſake, *Edgar*, hear me!

Edgar. Fear not, my love---Sir, whatever you may think, this is but ſport to what is to follow----and ſo, ſir, without more words----

Flor. O Lord, ſir!----I beſeech you, madam—

Emm. For my ſake, *Edgar*——

Edgar. Truſt me—Draw, ſir, or—

Flor. Sir, I don't deſire to do you any harm; I don't, upon my ſoul, ſir.

Edgar. Scoundrel, coward, draw!

Emm. Conſider, *Edgar*—

Flor. Ay, do, dear ſir, conſider—

Edgar. Conſider what?

Flor. That I am but a poor, miſerable, lying coxcomb, ſir---Indeed, ſir, I am—

Emm. It is better to diſmiſs him, *Edgar*, as beneath your reſentment.

Flor. So it is, indeed, ſir—a great deal better.

Emm. He is worthy only of contempt.

Flor. It is very true indeed, ſir,

Edgar. Art thou not a wretch, without the leaſt principle of truth or honour?

Flor. Yes, ſir.

Edgar. Art thou not infamous, as a ſlanderer and a coward?

Flor. Yes, ſir.

Edgar. Have not thy very follies the malignity of vices; and is it not a diſgrace to nature, to conſider thee as a man?

Flor. Any thing, dear ſir, if you will but ſpare my life.—If you chuſe any other ſatisfaction, ſir; if you would be content to kick me into ſome dark corner,

and

and leave me, I ſhould think myſelf under infinite obligations to you.

Edgar. Hence then---and be thyſelf thy puniſhment! [Florimond *runs off.*

As FLORIMOND *runs off,* ELFINA *comes forward.*

Ha!---Fear not, my *Emmeline*! It is a friendly pow'r, familiar to my ſight.

Emm. What! is ſhe known to you?—My friend! my guide!

Edgar. And mine!——(*both run and kneel to her.*)

Elf. Riſe both, both bleſt!——

Emm. Forgive my diffidence—When my heart accuſed you, I was overwhelmed with diſtreſs!—Your promiſe to come at my call, was not fulfill'd.

Elf. I came not, that I might ſend you hither: (*pointing to Edgar*) Your friendſhip was the parent of your love.

Edgar. I too have need of your forgiveneſs! pardon my diſtruſt.

Elf. Say no more,—your fathers now
Ought to hear your mutual vow;
Both the royal preſence grace,
Heroes both of *Britiſh* race!
Go, your duties there preſent;
I will anſwer for th' event.
Long may virtue guard your breaſt!
Joy ſhall then be long your gueſt.

[*The fairy diſappears.*

Edgar. She's gone! the kind propitious ſpright, that has led us, hoodwink'd, to the happineſs, which, ſeeing, we had miſs'd.

Emm. Let us then haſte to follow her laſt advice; for I can truſt her now.

A

A FAIRY behind the ſcenes.

Edgar, Edgar, Edgar!

Emm. Hark! What voice?

Edgar. Perhaps ſome other kind and inviſible being—There's muſic too— [*An overture to a ſong.*

Emm. It comes, another tiny ſpright—It cannot mean us ill—It beckons you—

RECITATIVE.

Fairy. Hear me, *Edgar*; hear, and truſt!
Still be kind, and ſtill be juſt:
Truth and fondneſs that endure,
Love from jealouſy ſecure.

AIR.

Take and keep the fated fair,
Born to give ſupreme delight;
Make her ever all thy care,
And ſecure thy envied right.

Claſp her to thy beating breaſt,
Round her lock thy faithful arms;
Theſe will guard her virtue beſt,
Theſe will beſt ſecure her charms.
[*The fairy diſappears.*

Edg. They need not ſuch a guard, but yet ſhall have it.

Come then, my fair, whom Fate my love ordains,
By whom kind Heav'n o'erpays my fears and pains!
Chos'n as thou art for graces of the mind,
Ere gold could influence, or deſire could blind;
Whoſe charms, unſought, unknown, are friendſhip's dow'r;
Whoſe love on reaſon founds its laſting pow'r.
O! might each pair thus work what Fate intends,
And none be lovers but who firſt were friends!

EPILOGUE.

Written by Mr. GARRICK.

Spoken by Mrs. YATES.

OLD times, old fashions, and the Fairies gone;
Let us return, good folks, to sixty-one—
To this blest time, ye Fair, of female glory,
When pleasures unforbidden lie before ye!
No Sprites *to fright you now, no guardian* Elves;
Your wise directors are—your own dear selves—
And every Fair One feels, from old to young,
While these your guides——you never can do wrong.
Weak were the sex of yore—their pleasures few——
How much more wise, more spirited are You?
Would any Lady Jane, *or Lady* Mary,
Ere they did this *or* that, *consult a* Fairy?
Would they permit this saucy pigmy crew,
For each small slip, to pinch 'em black and blue?
Well may you shudder——for, with all your charms,
Were this the case—good heaven, what necks and arms!

Thus did they serve our grandames heretofore——
The very thought must make us moderns sore!
Did their poor hearts for cards or dancing beat,
These Elves *rais'd blisters on their hands and feet:*
Tho' Loo *the game, and fiddles play'd most sweetly—*
They could not squeeze dear Pam, *nor foot* Moll Peatly.

EPILOGUE.

Were wives with husbands but a little wilful,
Were they at that same Loo *a little* skilful;
Did they with pretty fellows laugh or sport—
Wear ruffs too small, or petticoats too short:
Did they, no matter how, disturb their cloaths;
Or, over-lilied, add a little rose!—
These spiteful Fairies rattled round their beds,
And put strange frightful nonsense in their heads!
Nay, while the husband snor'd and prudish aunt,
Had the fond wife but met the dear gallant—
Tho' lock'd the door, and all as still as night—
Pop thro' the key-hole whips the Fairy Sprite,
Trips round the room—"My husband!" madam cries——
"The devil! where!" the frighted beau replies—
Jumps thro' the window—she calls out in vain——
He, cur'd of love—and cool'd with drenching rain,
Swears——"Dem him if he'll e'er intrigue again!"
These were their tricks of old——But all allow,
No childish fears disturb our Fair Ones now.——

Ladies, for all this trifling, 'twould be best
To keep a little Fairy *in your breast:*
Not one that should with moderate passions war;
But just to tweak you—when you go too far.